

Puck

WEEK ENDING APRIL 17, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



THE FIRING LINE

PAINTED BY ROLF ARMSTRONG

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU



"I've always had to wait a long time for everything I've wanted," the boy answered, "but I always got it, just the same, if I only want it hard enough."

A Love Story of the North Woods by

LARRY EVANS

Who wrote "Once to Every Man"

begins in the May

METROPOLITAN

The Livest Magazine in America

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Mr. Stephen Leacock Likes PUCK

Promising that PUCK's readers may soon look for something from his brilliant pen, Mr. Stephen Leacock writes:

"I read your paper every week. What is more, I buy it for myself and am not content with a library copy. I like especially 'The Seven Arts,' and I was much taken with Mr. Milne's work. The make-up of the paper strikes me as exceedingly good. But, I repeat, the best compliment I can pay your paper is that I gladly and unobtrusively separate myself from ten cents each week to buy it."

Evidently Mr. Leacock is as able a critic as he is a humorist.



A Big Number Next Week

Bigger, first, in the number of pages. And to fill the extra pages advantageously, we've secured some out-of-the-ordinary features. To begin with, there's another Lou Mayer cover—a companion picture to the "Pearl in the Oyster." The center pages are by Jack Held, and the subject is the "Reverend" Billy Sunday. If you can picture the combination of a Jack Held wood-cut and the verbal pyrotechnics of the celebrated Western spellbinder, you will have an idea of the treat in store for you. Keble Howard, of London, is with us next week with a characteristic sketch, and Mrs. Canary's boarders discuss that often-heard announcement: "Gertie Golightly, wanted on the 'phone." Mrs. Smith-Dayton's clay group illustrating next week's story is one of the best we've yet seen. From Germany comes a stunning piece of color by Gulbransson, possessor of one of the most unusual techniques among all Continental illustrators.

PUCK Originals in the Municipal Galleries

From April 8 to May 3, the Municipal Art Galleries of the City of New York, in the Washington Irving High School, will be given over to an exhibition of original illustrations that have appeared in PUCK. Comprised in the two hundred and fifty exhibits are examples of every technique in modern illustration, from the oil painting to the simple sketch in black and white. All the PUCK favorites, including the leading American, English, French, and German artists, are represented.

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GRINIGRAMS

"Of course we can't help feeling somewhat the effect of the war in Europe, there is so great a destruction of life and property. Cut off your leg and you will feel the pain in your arm, although it is in no way connected with the amputated leg."
—An eminent banker.

And by the same token, cut off your income and you feel a pain in the neck.

The proofreader who let pass the headline: "Ten German Carps in Furious Battle" is entitled to honorable mention. He relieved the war news of some of its deadly monotony.

It is the decision of a judge in this town that woman eats less than man, and, therefore, does not need quite so much to live on. This Judge, it is evident, never bought eats for a girl who "didn't feel a bit hungry."

"Among the rare birds secured were the hornbill, which lures its mate into a nest in the hollow of a tree and then plasters it up again until a family of little hornbills is hatched out."
—An African prowler.

Woman's place is in the home.

It is reported from Copenhagen that Germany has prohibited pastry making. A short-sighted policy. Certain varieties of German apple-cake could be fed to a machine-gun with fearful results to the ranks of the Allies.

"What I said, therefore, is not only literally true, but cannot be successfully disputed in any particular."
—A militant person.

For anyone wishing to join the Ananias Club this affords a glorious opportunity.

In order to buy fancy tango shoes, a Brooklyn youth forged and stole. The light fantastic finger.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT



German Military Levy

Russian Outrage



German Outrage

Russian Military Levy



OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"A certificate of graduation from Sing Sing ought to count as much as a Harvard diploma in helping a man."
—Dean Kirchway, of Columbia.

More; they teach a man a useful occupation at Sing Sing.

"To withdraw from our stand in Mexico made the United States the laughing stock of the world."
—Senator Smoot.

Senator Smoot is a Mormon and we do not know what his notion of moral courage is, but in our Sunday School we were taught that to stick to what you believed to be right, and to stick in the face of jeers and laughter, was a very commendable thing.

T. R., says an inspired despatch, would be willing to "get behind" almost any Republican save Taft. A natural sense of self-preservation. No one could see him if he got behind Taft.

No, Anxious Reader, the expression about "giving a Roland for an Oliver" did not originate with the Hon. Jim Osborne.

Secretary Redfield believes in applying the efficiency test to all American industries. What would happen to the political industry if the efficiency test were applied to the "pork barrel"?

John D. Rockefeller has an artificial lake in which water will not linger. Twice it has flowed in and twice it has disappeared. Something wrong with the Rockefeller foundation?

"I need not tell you that the President by himself is absolutely nothing."
—President Wilson.

Gracious powers! What, then, is the Vice-President?

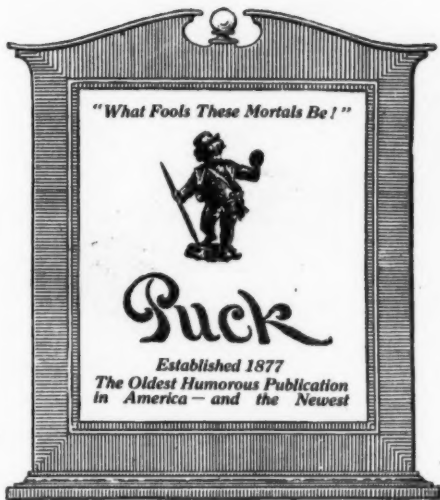
A Southern gentleman who carried \$500,000 life insurance just coughed himself to death. The insurance company will now do the coughing. Chieftly up.

If some small restaurant wishes to gain lasting fame, it will put a card in the window announcing: "Irregular Dinner, 25 cents."

CHARLESTON, W. Va.—The State of West Virginia has not sufficient money to buy a postage stamp. The money in the emergency fund is practically exhausted and the present financial condition of the State is due to the loss of \$600,000 by the workings of the Yost prohibition law.
—News item.

The mere bankruptcy of a State doesn't worry the Prohibitionist, so long as he has his virtuous way. Apply the above item to forty-eight states and you have a composite picture of the white-ribboner's dream.

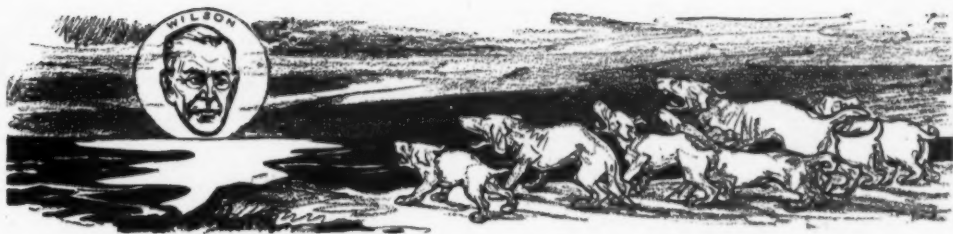
Ruck



VOL. LXXVII. No. 1989. WEEK ENDING APRIL 17, 1915

SAVING THE COUNTRY'S HONOR

A big political spectacle is in process of staging for 1916. Rehearsals are under way, and press-agents are busy. The name of the piece is "Saving the Country's Honor"—an old, old show which has had many revivals, but which will never die so long as "supes" are plentiful and willing to serve. At a gathering of some of the principals the other day, it was given out that the state of the country's health was very grave; that economic conditions closely paralleled those of 1896, and that "saving the country's honor" would be the sacred task of all present. This was the "supes" cue to wave their arms and cheer.



Now, we would not belittle a worthy cause, nor sneer at anyone who is devoted to the word honor. Honor is a holy word, whether it refer to individual standards or to the conduct of a nation. We would simply hark back to the days of 1896, when the country's honor was "saved" before, and, without delving into details, call brief attention to some subsequent inconsistencies. Disclosures in the decade succeeding 1896 laid bare remarkable facts which had a decided relation to honor. Of such a nature were the disclosures, it became apparent to all who could read and reason that many of the gentry who rushed to "save the country's honor" had precious little honor of their own. It was as if wolves had feared for the safety of the sheep-fold.

We will not discourage any well-meaning "supe" who yearns to take part in the great spectacle of 1916. If the national honor is endangered by the policies of the Wilson administration, by all means let it be saved. But we say to the large number of political chorus-men who shout and cheer—yes, and vote—at the beck of the all-star cast, be sure it is the national honor and not somebody's private graft or privilege that is imperiled, and for which the national honor gag is but a stalking-horse. A dog's hind leg is straightness itself

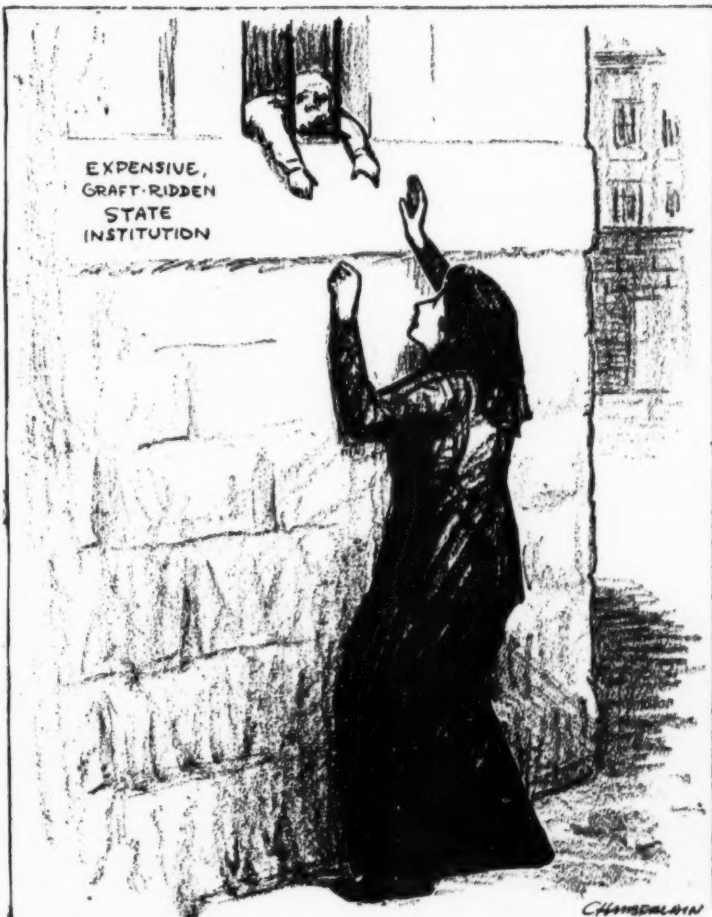
compared with some of the men who "saved the country's honor" in 1896.

If you are a "supe" in the big political spectacle—and "supes" are what most of us are—at least play a thinking part.

Certain ministers not only defend Billy Sunday but glory in him. They mildly classify as "slang" the evangelist's rough-neck vocabulary, and refuse to be shocked at the means he employs when the "results" he obtains are so inspiring. But why confine slang to sermons? Are not the hymn-books suffering from "dry rot" as well as the pulpit discourses? The words of some hymns are beautiful, but what is beauty compared with punch? Let Hymnals be revised to suit the times. Let there be in the Billy Sunday Hymn Book such sacred songs as—

Abide with Muh.
Onward, Sawdust Trailers!
Come Ye Disconsolate Ginks.
Get Hep, My Soul!
My Days are Beating It Swiftly By.

Sacrilege? Undoubtedly, according to old "dry-rot" standards, but no more sacrilegious than the average Billy Sunday sermon. The "punch," gentlemen, by all means.



SEPARATED TO-DAY



THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN

TO-MORROW UNITED

Ruck

PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO
READ THE WHITE, THE ORANGE, THE BLUE, THE VIOLET,
THE YELLOW & C PAPERS - AND IS COLOR BLIND
HENCE ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL



THE CHINESE QUESTION -
OR THE GREAT JAPANESE
CUP AND BALL GAME -



SONS AND MOTHERS -
"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT."

Hy-
mayer

THE TASK OF PEACE -
THE EUROPEAN MAP PUZZLE -



HYMAYEROGLYPHICS

On the Other Hand —

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

At this point in the war debate several tempers gave signs of cracking and it became necessary to change the subject.

"Supposing," said the man whose dinner we had been eating, and who had played neutral all evening by passing around the cigars and saying nothing, "supposing one were to write a history of the United States during the last ten years and wanted a tag that would describe the period, the Age of Something or Other, you know. What would he call it?"

Everyone around the table was glad to shake off the war madness and the suggestions piled in; so did the objections. Some one said it should be the Age of Roosevelt, but our host insisted that the name would only hold from 1906 to about 1913. The Roosevelt man moved to amend by substituting the Age of Uplift, and again our host declared that while the term was long enough it wasn't wide enough, not quite universal, beside being rather colorless and tinged with highbrow. Some one who pretends to do something down in Wall Street proposed the Age of Rotten Business and offered to tell us his average annual income since the winter of 1907, but that was not going back far enough. I proposed the Age of Bernard Shaw which began safely back in 1903 or 1904 and was still going; and I proceeded to point out how the Shaw outlook upon life would fairly describe the outlook of most intelligent people and of some who were not.

"Not of enough people," said the man who had supplied the dinner and the topic and so was in a position to domineer. "Shaw does not get down to the masses. I want a name that does. Let me put it another way. Take a modern young woman of nineteen, not an exceptional woman, just a daughter of the people. In 1906 she was ten. Between these two dates lies the formative period of her life. Now what one name is there which during these years of growth and ripening impressions has again and again laid its stamp on her spirit—the name that she has probably heard most often and that certainly has aroused the readiest emotional response? A name that mustn't be looked up in the reference books for detail, as the best of us would have to do for a complete list of Shaw's plays or Mr. Roosevelt's enemies, but the mere mention of which brings up a vivid picture, a complete fund of information—"

"Since it is plain," said the Wall Street man, "that this is not a debate but a conundrum, and that our friend has the answer up his sleeve, I move that discussion be closed. What would you call it?"



THE HOME-WRECKER

MRS. BOWEN: You are not yourself at all tonight, Clarence; what are you worrying about?

MR. BOWEN (absently): May wheat.

MRS. BOWEN (icily): Really, I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting the lady!



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

"The Age of Thaw," said our host. "Harry K. Thaw."

It was a triumph; thoroughly prepared, no doubt, carefully led up to, like one of von Hindenburg's victories, but quite as definite and complete. Our silence showed that, and the man of the house was noticeably gratified.

"No other name," he said, "comes so intimately home to the generation in whose hands the fate of the country will lie during the next ten years, the generation that is buying Arrow collars and tickets for 'Daddy Longlegs,' that is to say, the young flesh and brawn of this nation. I clipped a short paragraph from the morning paper the other day. It was about a little girl of ten who was knocked down by a motor truck and killed. She had run up from the street to tell her mother that Harry Thaw was acquitted on the charge of conspiracy and her mother sent her back for an 'extra.' She was killed on the way. My first impression was that no fate could be more pitiful than to be killed while buying a Thaw 'extra.' But the story was too somber and I dismissed it from my mind. I fell to thinking, rather, of the little girl who was ten years old back in 1906 and whom her mother sent out for one of the earliest Thaw 'extras,' and she was not killed. I find myself tracing her spiritual growth through the years. In 1907 she was not too young, perhaps, to be interested in Harry Thaw's picture and to glean the first fragmentary meaning out of the testimony which the Brooklyn Eagle printed in full—the beginning, by the way, of the new realism in the press which has thrived so well and made it so easy to discuss eugenics."

That, of course, was prejudice. He went on: "In 1908 this little girl of mine was nearly twelve and in a position to follow intelligently the details of the second trial. She was in her third year at high school when Judge Somebody issued Harry's third writ of habeas corpus, and she had entered the senior class when Judge Somebody Else dismissed the writ. She was growing into full womanhood. That winter she was permitted to be taken to the theatre by her first admirer, and is it altogether unlikely that they went to see Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw dance at Hammerstein's? Today she is probably married—the children of the masses still marry young—and she makes an excellent wife, and in the late afternoon when her work is done till dinner, I imagine her going downstairs to buy a Thaw 'extra.' Or am I wrong?"

"Young women today read a great many other things," said the Wall Street man.

"Of course they do," he said. "The war, woman suffrage, Mary Pickford, dress, Bernard Shaw; and they discuss these things with intelligence and interest. But it is conversation. The thrill of actuality, the personal sympathy that comes from having grown up with a thing—that is a different matter. As a Formative Influence, is there anything else that can compare with Harry and Matteawan?"

Having made his point he grew amiable.

"And for the social historian, the scholar, these last ten years are quite as properly the Thaw Age. Take most of the things we have been interested in—Wealth and its relation to the Social Structure; our Courts, our Juries, our Lawyers, our Doctors, our close affiliation of Progress with Lunacy, the Stage,—how far away can you get from the Thaw touch?"

He passed the cigars and we all agreed.

RURAL FINANCE

COUNTRY GROCER: Your bill's up to twenty dollars, Hank.

HANK JONES: Well, here's a dollar.

GROCER: What! Only a dollar?

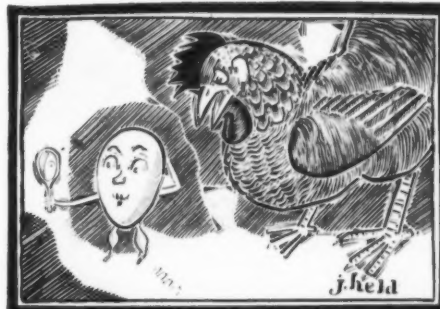
HANK: Only a dollar! And ain't that five per cent on your investment?

BRIGHT

CHOLLY: I'm in love with your daughter, sir!

THE OLD MAN: What are your prospects?

CHOLLY: Fine! She's accepted me!



AMBITION

FRESH EGG: Mother, I refuse to be sat on any longer. I am old enough to know my own mind. I am going on the stage. Something inside of me tells me I shall make a terrific hit.



PAINTED BY W. E. HILL

SOMEBODY BEAT HIM TO IT

HIS WIFE: Oh, William! What do you think! The man who designed this gown has been killed in battle!
THE BRUTE: That so? Hard luck! I wanted to get him myself.

Ruck



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE H. WHITE

THE BUBBLE

Ruck



SPRING-FEVER GERM

Ruck



THE SEVEN ARTS BY JAMES HVNEKER

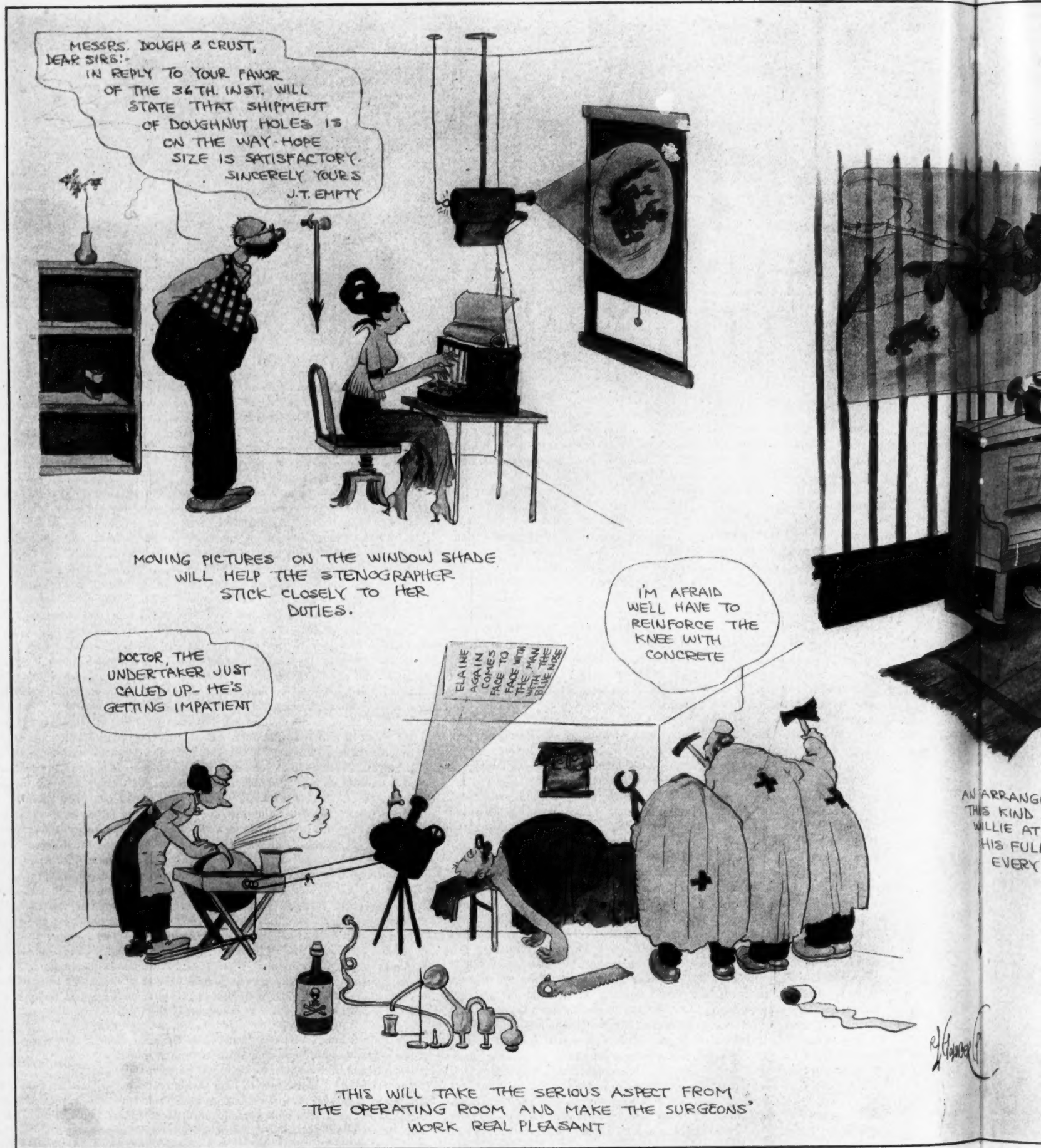
Leo Ornstein I had heard of Leo Ornstein. I had read some of his compositions. I even attempted to play them. In London he received columns of comment several years ago. But I had never seen, never heard Leo Ornstein. My curiosity, both optical and aural, was gratified, as the Music League of America was considerate enough to send me seats for his fourth recital given in the pretty little Bandbox Theatre on East 57th Street. The auditorium is small, but ideal for an intimate piano recital. And Leo Ornstein is nothing if not intimate. I confess I went, if not to mock, at least in a rather skeptical mood; but I remained to applaud; a sad commentary on my critical consistency. When the young man shambled out from the wings you involuntarily exclaimed: "A Picasso!" Yes, a Picasso he was, of the same period as the Guitar Player at the Carroll Galleries. His neck depressed, his countenance—what I could see of it in the dim irreligious light—sullen, his long flail-like arms depending limply from high, narrow shoulders, his constrained bearing, that of a human about to be delivered of a painful message, his hair mussed up unbecomingly, his coat collar a study in cubism—altogether not precisely a prepossessing portrait. But a Picasso without doubt; even the greenish, cadaverous coloring was not absent. Thus does nature pay her tribute of imitation to a painter of strong individuality. I don't know whether Ornstein ever saw a Picasso, but I do know that he is the only living pianist who could play a recital in the Carroll Galleries and fight the fierce discordant music of its walls without perishing at the keyboard.

How Ornstein Plays However, when Leo smites the keys he is not in the least anaemic. That glowing apparition, the young Siegfried—Percy Grainger—is a muscular artist, who crashes chords with the energy of a sun god. Compared with Ornstein on the rampage, Grainger is as mellifluous as mother's milk. Nor is the Ornstein scale of dynamics limited. He has a liquid singing touch, his tone is rich, massive, his color-scheme varied, his phrasing musical, subtle. An unquestionable piano talent, I should say, tortured by perverse dogmas. He can ripple. Always a pressure touch in pianissimo. He can explode. A veritable siege-gun in action. I'm sure, without having heard him in Chopin or Schumann, that he can interpret those masters with sympathy and intelligence. But, as he wishes to present latter-day composers, we must accept him at his face value. I, for one, am heartily sick of the conventional recital programme, beginning with Bach, ending with Liszt. Occasionally some daring innovator appears and gives his hearers Brahms, finishing off with Zarembski. Such a programme as this by Ornstein was welcome, though it left a taste in the mouth like honey and absinthe. (I never tried that combination, but it mentally impressed me as a proper definition.) In the first place, there was the Vincent d'Indy Sonata, opus 63, which is acrid, to pursue the gustatory parallelism—even "sour," as Lew Fields would say. As a composition it belongs to the tooral-looral type—without beginning, middle, or end, a succession of pleasant or unpleasant progressions, weaving and mounting in the manner known to musicians as "rosalien." Naturally, we don't get very far with such an involved method. The thematic ideas are thin, and the coloring is Schumannesque—that is, Schumann strained through the turgid music of Cesar Franck—another long-winded, diffuse refashioner of other men's ideas, principally Wagner's and Schumann's. The main thing about the new French music is its unplanistic quality; whatever else it may be it is not "grateful" for the instrument. It is charming. It is also recondite. It is the music of images, not ideas; above all, it is delicately colored and

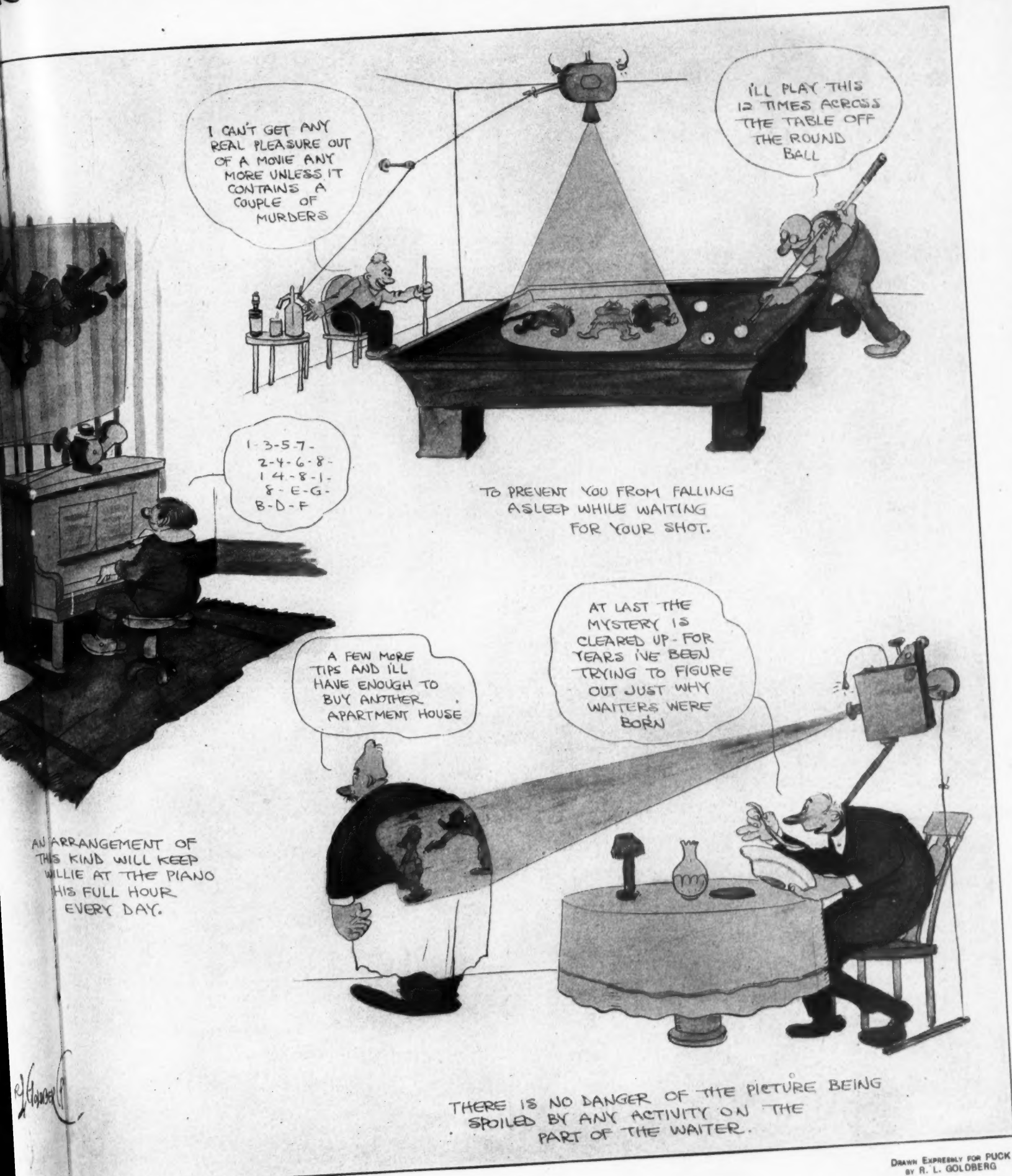
harmonically interesting. When Claude Debussy relates the adventures of his soul at Granada (in his "Estampes") you are reminded of the psychic experiences of Maurice Barres at Toledo, when he contemplated the pictures of El Greco. Neither artist is explicit. Neither affirms. Both suggest, evoke. Indeed, a general title for all art of this subtly communicative character might be Evocations. It is curious, complex, but not sensuous; as is the verse of Stephan Mallarme—whose influence on Debussy has never been overstated. It is the attempt of poetic souls, ill unto death with the prosaic brick and mortar of old ways and means, to distill the quintessence of an art, a symphony in a page, a poem in a stanza, the larger rhythms condensed into a nervously intense paragraph. Huysmans succeeded with the so-called prose poem, yet did not include a very important quality—life. Baudelaire did in his prose; Poe did not. Highly organized as to structure—though it sounds the reverse—the piano music of Debussy leaves me in a singularly unsatisfied mood. Perhaps, as Oscar Wilde remarked of cigarettes, that is the musician's aim. I've heard all his music, and these miniature engravings—which include "Pagodes," "An Evening at Granada," and "Gardens in the Rain"—seem the most concise; peptonized is a better word. But, like all peptonic products, they don't nourish soul or body. They tickle the palate. They touch the fancy. They paint a picture—an aquarelle; water-color is the medium, oils would be too robust for these slender sketches. But they never exalt. They never still one's craving for the Beyond. There is no *la-bas* in the entire school, as *spirituelle* as may be its ideals. They are too alembicated. They lack natural magic. Ornstein plays Debussy with loving interest. He is not afraid of the monotony inherent in the scale of "Pagodes"—surely the plaint of a love-sick laundryman, or that rhapsody of childhood, known as chopsticks; the nocturnal evocation of the Alhambra was an ingenious performance, both as to sentiment and dynamics; while the wet of dreary rain-soaked deserted gardens was suggested musically; this tiny toccata, with its bird-calls, is a dilution of Bach and *eau sucrée*. The "Iberia" of Albeniz, more picturesque impressions of Spain, are purely exterior in composition, replete with lusty vigor, and painted with the heavy, though vivid, brush of a Zuloaga. Debussy dreamed of Spain, as did Barres—their Spain is more beautiful than the Spain of the Spaniard, Albeniz. The "Impressions of London," by Gabriel Grovlez, are anything but English. Never have the bells of Westminster Abbey so boomed; and if Sunday Evening at the Thames Embankment were half as exotic as this composer fancies it to be, then the Sunday evenings of London would be robbed of their horror. Need I ask if, in all creation, there is a duller spot than London on the Sabbath! Even in Glasgow, Scotland, or Portland, Maine, homes of the Prohibitionists, there is at least much drunkenness to cheer the spectator. In London, only genteel desolation. Grovlez must be very romantic. Perhaps he actually visited London. In writing of a city it is a good plan never to see it. That preserves the illusion.

Here is where we hit a snag. Leo Ornstein composes; furthermore, he is unafraid as to their publicity. I appreciated the original flavor of his performance. I never thought I would live to hear Arnold Schoenberg sound tame; yet tame he is, almost timid and halting, after Ornstein—who is, most emphatically, the only true-blue genuine Futurist composer alive. Excruciating to ears attuned to the plangent progressions of Schoenberg are the Burlesques, Preludes, and Moods of Leo the Intrepid. Like two amorous felines in a moonlit backyard is the dialogue of his love pieces. I was dazzled. I was stunned; especially after *glissandi* that ripped up the keyboard, and fizzed and foamed over the stage. Here the mettle of the youthful *virtuoso* was most in evidence. He was supposed to depict Anger, Peace, Joy—but I could detect only Rage and Hell, and again, Hell let

(Continued on page 20)



YOU DON'T HAVE TO NEGLECT YOUR BUSINESS JU



DRAWN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK
BY R. L. GOLDBERG

BUSINESS JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE A MOVIE FAN

Buck



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

A bank was born in Washington
To lend the poor man money
At six per cent—there lurks a sting
In every comb of honey.
One cannot carry bathtubs on
A street car, say the judges—
We never truly wanted to,
And China aired her grudges.



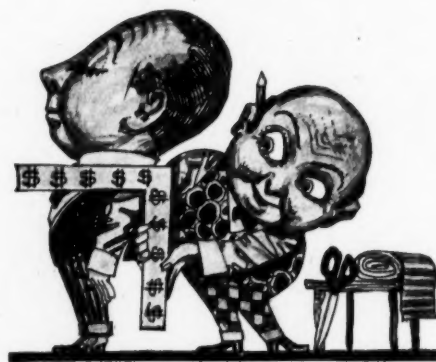
King Baseball has returned to town
From his prolonged vacation;
Complexions for the summer months
Will be a bold carnation.
Spring fever, the renowned excuse,
Retards our mental gleaner;
The price of light
Has caused a fight,
And life is growing greener.

An ensign who surrendered to
Dan Cupid sans permission,
And lost his stripes because of it,
Received a new commission.
Said Lord Josephus, low and tense:
"You're right, my bonnie laddie,
It's love we lack,
So welcome back,
To grapes and finnan haddie!"

Przemysl's capture, so we hear,
Has left the Russians speechless;
A careless little hurricane
Made part of Jersey beachless.
Our large hotels will suffer most
If Italy goes gunning;
The P. S. C.
Is off the key,
And isn't nature stunning?

The wild, but gentle violet
Now springs in every poem;
The tailors' quills are scratching bills
For other folks to owe 'em.
A lover leaped into the sea
To prove his April fervor,
But first he placed
Around his waist
A thoughtful life-preserver.

Eight million pounds of tea were sunk
By Wilhelm's ocean service,
We fear that it will make the fish
Extremely thin and nervous.
Zapata has apologized
And offered us the palmlet—
The status quo
In Mexico,
Looks something like an omelet.



A college president observed
That widows' sons were fussy,
While lads equipped with parents twain
Were masculine and mussy.
A farmer said he lost a trout
That weighed six pounds or over—
The angler's fun
Has now begun,
And something dropped on Dover.



Puck



ROUSING HER SYMPATHIES

SUFFRAGIST: Do you know that children of six and seven years of age are employed in the canning factories?
SOCIETY DAME: Isn't it perfectly horrible! I *do* hope they're made to keep their hands scrupulously clean!

THE 'VARSITY LETTER

Another (for this occasion only)
Return of Sherlock Holmes

It was shortly after Holmes's return from Thibet, where he had so brilliantly solved the mystery of the six blue poker chips in the palace of the Grand Llama. He had just breakfasted on a seventy per cent solution of cocaine and was resting in the basket-chair when a commotion arose in Baker Street without. I ran to the window.

"Good heavens, Holmes!" I cried, "some poor fellow has been tarred and feathered. A crowd is following him and, yes, he is coming here!"

A violent pull at the bell confirmed my words, and the next minute there literally fell into our rooms the unfortunate man. He was completely exhausted and in an instant Holmes had the brandy flask to his lips.

"You are from America, I see," said Holmes, soothingly.

The man—as near as we could judge he was a very young man, a mere boy—gasped with astonishment, sputtered, and attempted to speak.

"Tut!" interrupted Holmes, anticipating his question. "It is really very simple. The feathers with which you are covered belong to a breed of chickens raised only in the vicinity of Umpterino, Ohio. You should read my little monograph on chicken feathers, Watson."

"It is as you say, Mr. Holmes," gasped our uncomfortable visitor. "My name is Hector Starboob. I am a student, a senior, at Umpterino University. Or I was until last—"

"And I note," said Holmes, in the same soothing manner, "that you lost no time in coming to me."

"Good heavens, Holmes," I ejaculated, "this is mar—"

My room-mate checked me with a gesture of impatience.

"The tar under the feathers is still soft," he said. "Surely, it is simple."

"I want you to find them for me, to find the villains, Mr. Holmes!" foamed our visitor, now revived by the brandy's warming influence. "They came to my room in the dead of night, and without the aid of a light they blindfolded and bound me. Then they dragged me outside and gave me this coating of tar and feathers, the cowards!"

"They were hazing you?" queried Holmes.

"I am a senior, Mr. Holmes," said the victim, with dignity. "It is contrary to custom to haze

seniors. And not only am I a senior at Umpterino, but I am an honor man in all my courses. I lead my classes. I excel in every study.

"Had you enemies? Is there anyone you suspect?"

"No; no one."

"No unpleasantness of any sort?"

"None whatever. There is only one that I recall, and that seems too trivial to mention."

Holmes rubbed his hands in ecstasy.

campus, wearing a sweater bearing the 'varsity letter."

"You are an athlete, then?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, on the contrary; and that brings me right to the point. I am not an athlete. I never took part in an athletic competition in my life. But it occurred to me the other day that a fellow who lead his classes, who was an honor man in all his courses, and who had the highest marks of any man in college, was as much entitled

to wear the 'varsity U as anybody at Umpterino. It seemed to me so perfectly obvious that I cut a large U out of blue cloth and sewed it on a white sweater and went out."

Here Holmes, with a slight shake of his head, reached across to the coal scuttle, where we kept almost anything but coal, and extracted therefrom our pad of blank cablegrams, on one of which he scribbled a few penciled words.

"It seemed to me, you see, Mr. Holmes, so perfectly reasonable. A chap who excelled in his studies seemed to me to be just as much entitled to wear the 'varsity letter as a— as a pole vaulter, for instance, or a— or a hammer thrower. It seemed to me that a college should be as proud of an honor student as it is of an honor athlete, and as willing to acknowledge that he belongs to it. Now that you speak of it, I do recall that several words were spoken to me as I crossed the Campus that were not precisely— er— friendly, but it never struck me that—"

Here Mr. Hector Starboob fell to picking absently at his feathers, and there was a period of awkward silence all around.

"Watson," said Holmes, quietly, "take this down to the cable office and file it. Personally, I haven't the energy. It is a message to the health authorities of Umpterino, Ohio, telling them we have safely got the lunatic they are undoubtedly looking for.

"Meanwhile, it's a case for you, my dear Doctor, not for me. The man is hopelessly insane. He would be deemed so, beyond question, in any American college town."

With a shrug of his shoulders Holmes reached for the cocaine bottle, and, rolling up his shirt-sleeve, prepared for another session with the needle.

"Everything is so frightfully commonplace, Watson," he sighed.



PAVLOWA

Modeled in Clay by
PRINCE PAUL TROUBETZKOV

"Then by all means mention it," he said, with a characteristic smile. "Watson, draw our friend's chair a trifle further from the fire. I note his feathers are getting singed. Now, Mr. Hector Starboob, proceed."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, as I told you, the matter seems trivial, but since you ask me I will mention it. The afternoon of the day I was so shamefully handled I walked across the college

Ruck



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IN THE MODERN MANNER—II.

SCHEHERAZADE AND THE SULTAN

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The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON



What Bernard Shaw should cultivate to "advance the action of his plays"

WANTED—AN IDEA!

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The above advertisement appeared in a recent number of PUCK. I suggest herewith some more or less simple things to patent that undoubtedly possess the requisite wealth-bringing potentiality:

1. A theatre audience that will not save up its loudest coughs for the big speech in the third act.
2. A theatregoer's overcoat which, when sat upon, will so adjust itself to the basic contours of its owner that by quarter of ten it will not have completely paralyzed the lower portion of his spine.
3. A theatre orchestra that does not play Dvorak's "Humoresque."
4. A young actress, American or English, who can match the performance of Irene Fenwick in the leading role of "The Song of Songs."
5. A moving picture in which the hero doesn't wear an Alpine hat.
6. A non-refillable Sardou play.
7. An English actor who, in the long run, does not mispronounce as many words of the English language as an American actor.
8. A portiere in a play which, when a character supposedly conceals himself behind it, will not either stick out, shake, or otherwise adjust itself so that it requires a 1,000 horsepower imagination on the audience's part to believe the other characters on the stage are not aware of the first character's hiding place.
9. An "uplift" play that does not depress an intelligent theatregoer.
10. An Irish ticket speculator.

Theatregoer.—A person who used to go to the theatre.

The task of the musical comedy composer is a difficult one. He has to write music that will make an audience forget the librettist's lines. The task of the librettist is not less difficult. He has to write lines that will make an audience forget the composer's music. Both usually fail. And when they don't fail, it is just our rotten luck that the producer has picked out an awful looking chorus.



A "Hidden" Actor

New Answers to Old Riddles

I

Riddle.—What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?

Answer.—Two first-nighters.

II

Riddle.—What is it that has two legs and feathers and barks like a dog?

Answer.—A stock company actress* in a hat with ostrich plumes during an emotional scene.

*The "actress" is put in just to make it harder.

III

Riddle.—Why does a chicken cross the road?

Answer.—Because the show in which the chicken is has finished its New York run.

Dramatic Diseases

Heart-failure.—Man's disease; first symptom, 9.15 p.m.; death inevitably following at 10.50 p.m.

Consumption.—Woman's disease; first symptom, 9 p.m.; recovery in the case of a pure woman inevitably promised by removing sufferer to the country at 10.10 p.m.; death in the case of a scarlet woman inevitable at 11 p.m.

Apoplexy.—See heart-failure.

Fever.—First symptom, 9.45 p.m.; delirium inevitable fifteen minutes later. Recovery certain. A disease common to jungle and forest scenes, and to female members of married couples wherein domestic difficulties have arisen—provided said married couples are possessed of a child.

Severe Headache.—See Ibsen. See also Ibsen audiences. Fatal.

The moving pictures hurt the eyes; the drama hurts the ears; the circus hurts the nose; baseball hurts the base of the spine. No wonder golf is popular!



It is a fact widely known among the theatrical managers that society people no longer go to the theatre. But, after all, why should they go to the theatre? Are they not thoroughly proficient in boring themselves?

Riddle Department

I

A says to B: "Let us go to the theatre." B says to A: "No." Which is correct?

II

A man goes to a box-office window, lays down a five-dollar bill and asks for a two-dollar seat. The box-office man hands him a two-dollar ticket and, by mistake, gives him four dollars too much in change. The man enters the theatre and sits through the play. Which man was stuck?

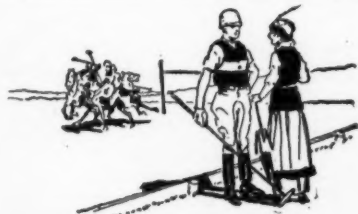
Mr. James L. Ford, writing in *Vanity Fair*: "Bernard Shaw has a fatal fondness for epigrams that do not advance the action of his plays . . ."

Sample instance of Bernard Shaw's fatal fondness for epigrams that do not advance the action of his plays: "Of all human struggles there is none so treacherous and remorseless as the struggle between the artist man and the mother woman. Which shall use up the other?—that is the issue between them. And it is all the deadlier because, in your romanticist cant, they love one another."

Sample instance (for Mr. Ford's consideration) of the average American playwright's avoidance of a fatal fondness for epigrams that do not advance the action of his plays: "And as for you, you dirty crook, don't think for a minute you kin git away with it! The guy that peaches on a pal may stand in with the bulls, but, believe me, he's one big boob fer kiddin' himself ter think his pals won't git square. Now then, you bum, you can go straight ter h—!!!" (Applause.)

Immigrant.—Someone upon whom our playwrights and managers lay the blame for their own deficiencies.

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The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 11)

loose. And suffusing it all a diabolical humor, a frenzied humor that bruised one's very bones. The softer emotions, including the erotic, have been squeezed out to the last rag by the older masters; now it is the turn for the uglier, nastier "reactions" in art and music. Ornstein exposes the psychology of a sea-shell, a glow-worm, and a policeman. As an oldster, I'm all at sea in these newer manifestations. I recognize the art involved in playing on your naked nerves, and I will endure much dissonance if the mood expressed be an authentic one, yet do I bewail the murderous means of expression with which Leo Ornstein patrolled the piano; he stormed its keys, scooping chunks of slag and spouting scoriae like a vicious volcano. Heavens! with what orgiastic abandon he played his own "Wild Man's Dance." He, no doubt, said to himself, a dance of wild men is not a cradle song, but a crazy carnival of legs and rum. And so it is. That he is apt to become the rage next season in the musical world would not surprise me, despite his "eccentricities" and "mannerisms." He is that rare thing—an individual pianist. Nevertheless, a year with gentle Rafael Joseffy would teach him that knocking out the unisons at one blow is not a sign of genius—his power is largely nervous—and that the piano can be a thing of beauty as well as a tornadic blast.

The Spring Academy

Ornstein interested me so by his manifestation of demoniacal energy that I almost forgot there was a Spring Academy up on 57th Street West. I wish I could forget it altogether. I went for an hour on Varnishing Day, and found the exhibition rather frivolous; anyhow, a pretty one. Mildly reactionary from such dashing revolutionists as E. L. Henry and Francis Murphy, there are few canvases that hold the eye. Dull mediocrity is the term that best describes the wall offerings. A Hayley Lever fisher scene, a landscape by W. L. Lathrop, his father's portrait by Morris Molarsky, and a bronze girl by Rudolf Evans were, for me, the magnets. The Jury of Awards thought otherwise. It awarded the Hallgarten prizes to Eugene Speicher, Randall Davy, Robert H. Nisbet, respectively; the Isaac N. Maynard prize to Douglas Volk, for his portrait of Dr. Felix Adler, a sound, respectable performance, and the Julia A. Shaw prize to Mary Greene Blumenschein. The Thomas B. Clarke prize goes to Richard E. Miller, and the Innes gold medal to Joseph T. Pearson. I noted a small still-life by the son of Emil Carlsen, which, if the youth develops, promises to beat his gifted father at his own game. The big Abbott Thayer "Angel" is a Christmas card on a glorified scale. To him has been awarded the Saltus gold medal. My favorite Lawson and Hassam are not to the fore—their surroundings would drug a cubist into somnolence—and there is a near-Dewing, by Edward A. Bell, entitled, "In the Studio." I'll review other pictures and sculptures later on. John W. Alexander has resigned from the presidency of the National Academy, and popular Harry W. Watrous may be his successor. The exhibition is now free to the public every day in the week, a policy that was editorially advocated by the *Sun* nearly ten years ago, as dealers' shows on Fifth Avenue are, as a rule, far superior to the Academy's offerings; and they are generally free. After all, the Academy is only a picture market, and hardly a representative of our native art aspirations. As such it should not be unduly criticized.

Other Pictures The third exhibition of contemporary art at the Carroll Galleries held its own in comparison with its predecessors. For one thing, there were several striking Picassos of various periods—the red and blue. A Van Gogh still-life, and one of Paul Gauguin's Tahitian portraits, and significant works by Derain, Duchamp-Villon, De la Fresnaye, Gleizes, Metzinger, Villon, and Ribemont-Dessaignes were to be seen. How the antique cave-idols of the Academy crumble when the fresh air of the twentieth century blows. After showing his charming lithographs at the Berlin Photographic Galleries, Albert Sterner held an exhibition of portrait drawings at the Hodgkin's Galleries, and again demonstrated his refined craftsmanship. The paintings of Albert Andre, at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, revealed that French painter in various stages of his development—from 1895 to the present day. He delineates with equal ease flower and print pieces, landscapes and figures.

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THE CLANS OF DO AND KNOCK

The Human Family lives in two large houses; the House of Do and the House of Knock. Those who live in the first house hereinafter are called the Doers; those in the second house, the Knockers. No matter who you are, your home is in one or the other of these two domiciles. Your friends are there, your relatives, your business associates. Everybody you know is there, and everybody that anyone else knows.

To members of their own tribe, dwellers in the House of Knock are known as Critics, Rationalists, and Skeptics. To the Doers, across the way, they are known as Cold Water Artists, Tight Wads, and Failures. As a matter of fact, it is a gloomy place, the House of Knock. Everybody in it has dyspepsia or an ingrowing disposition. No one in it ever creates anything; no one in it ever attempts to create anything. The Knocker motto is: "It can't be done, and if it could be, it shouldn't;" and the coat-of-arms over the doorway is a chaste and simple mirror reflecting the Knocker image.

The House of Do is smaller than the House of Knock, for, sad to say, the Knockers in this world outnumber the Doers by about five to one. The Doers comprise that small class who are too busy building to criticize the other man's building, and too busy helping to inquire whether those whom they are trying to help are each and every one of them deserving of help. The Doers are known to members of their own class as builders, real men, good fellows. The usual mark by which you may know them, is the conviction frankly and loudly expressed that if it rains to-day, it probably will clear by to-morrow, and the chances are that even the rain to-day is badly needed by the farmers. Their motto is: "The man who says it can't be done is always interrupted by the man who does it."

Despite the fact that they are much more numerous, and vastly superior in their own inborn estimation, the Knockers cannot be happy without the Doers—in fact, could not live without them; for if it were not for the Doers and their deeds, there would be nothing to talk about in the House of Knock. The Doer, on the other hand, can get along nicely without the Knocker; indeed, a time and place without a knocker is pretty nearly the Doer's idea of the millennium. The Doers, in a word, are essential even to the Knockers; the Knockers are superfluous even to themselves.

After considerable sleuthing about the House of Knock, PUCK has tracked down the six favorite expressions of the residents. They are:

—"He only helps others to give himself pleasure. If it gave him more pleasure to spend his time and money on himself, as I do, he would do it."

—"There is no such thing as 'deserving poor.' The poor are only so, because of their own weaknesses and errors."

—"Of course that painting (or there can just as well be substituted 'play,' 'book,' 'charity,' etc., etc.) is all right in its own way, but the way it really should have been done is —"

—"My dear chap, have you ever considered his motives? Now, I think he only does it to get his name —"

—"You know this modern fad for helping others does more harm than good. These people who go around and meddle with sick and hungry people just pauperize them and encourage them to remain poor."

The sixth expression of the Knocker is not uniform. It depends on whether the Knocker himself has money or has none, for—and note this—it is rather extraordinary that there is about the same proportion of Knockers to Doers among rich and poor.

The sixth favorite expression of poor Knockers is:

—"All rich men are crooks, hypocrites, slave-drivers, and charlatans. Conversely, all unsuccessful men are failures because they are too honest."

For Knockers better supplied with earthly goods the sixth favorite expression is:

—"All poor men are crooks, loafers, drunkards and undesirables. If they were honest, sober, and industrious, they would be rich."

The House of Knock is also on record against organized charity because it is too cold, and against individual unorganized charity because it is so often misdirected. On this, as on all subjects discussed in the House of Knock, the favorite expletive is "Bah!"

About eighty per cent of the human family are dwellers in the House of Knock, although among certain sub-divisions of said family the percentage is slightly smaller. Of physical pioneers, usually called immigrants, this is true, and of intellectual pioneers, usually called scientists, sociologists, and philanthropists, it is true as well. Slightly higher is the percentage among Wall Street brokers and graduates of eastern universities, notably Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Whole droves of the latter enter the House of Knock each year and never move out.

SUPREMELY HAPPY

LANCASTER: You ought to feel very happy, old fellow, now that you are married to Bondclipper's only daughter.

BENEDICT: I do. Why, it's just like catching a train I thought I was going to miss.

MORE PUZZLING

FRIEND: Are you still running your puzzle page?

EDITOR: No; it was too simple. We are running "How to do the Latest Dance-steps; Fully Explained by Diagrams and Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Wrassle."



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AND ONE FOR GOOD MEASURE

HIS WIFE (who had left implicit directions for putting the children to bed): Goodness gracious! What are you doing with Bobbie Brown?
 VERY ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: Bless my soul; isn't this one ours?

THE INFIDEL SKIRT

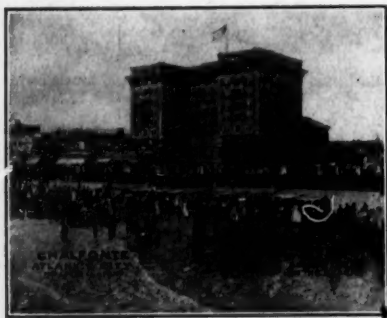
From the Bagdad Bugle.—The much discussed Infidel Skirt, imported from America, made its first appearance in Bagdad to-day. On display in one of the shops, it excited considerable curiosity among the women. Few of the latter are liable to adopt it, however, as it is considered much more immodest than any innovation of apparel that has ever been introduced in the East. When donned, the skirt is slipped over the head and fastened snugly about the waistline. It is said

to be in common use among the Infidel women of the West, which in many minds is quite sufficient to damn it.

From the Teheran Tatler.—Two courageous women, models for a local tailoring establishment, publicly appeared here to-day in Infidel Skirts. They came by camel to the Teheran Track, and promenaded up and down the club house lawn before and during the races. The Infidel Skirt does away with trousers entirely in female attire and the two models seemed to enjoy the limelight. They were subjected

to considerable ridicule, but otherwise were not molested.

From the Constantinople Clarion.—A young vaudeville actress, Gettha Hookah, wore one of the notorious Infidel Skirts on the local rialto this afternoon, and in three minutes she was compelled to seek shelter in the doorway of a convenient mosque. A crowd of hoodlums jeered and hooted until a policeman arrived, and hailing a cab put her in it. The Infidel Skirt is bringing good grist to the press agent mill.



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DIARY
June 15, 1820

After court adjourned, I brought the Judge home to dine. We related many a witty anecdote after dinner over our bottle of

Old Overholt Rye

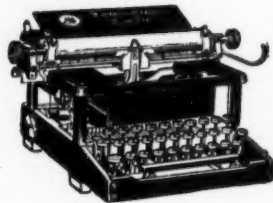
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If Mr. Perkins could locate such an item of national legislation he would be entitled to a place upon the platform alongside the sad-faced gentleman who breaks two duck eggs in a silk hat and extracts therefrom a self-playing accordion.

It is an axiom of American civics that the really brainy man gives politics a wide berth. A notable exception to this rule was the acceptance by Mr. Paul M. Warburg of a place on the Federal Reserve Board.

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FOSTER GILROY, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of March, 1915.
W. A. SANDS, Notary Public N. Y. County.
(My commission expires March 30, 1915.)



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"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 1

George Washington—"Father of His Country"

EVERY AMERICAN knows that without "Immortal Washington" our National Independence would have been impossible. Few, however, know that the greatest battle of Washington's life was fought to secure for his countrymen the Constitution of the United States. Almost immediately after the Revolution it seemed that all the great sacrifice of blood and treasure had been in vain. The original thirteen states refused to work in harmony, either in spirit or in law. The new Republic was tottering to its foundations. At this critical period in American history the most brilliant men of each state met in convention and unanimously elected Washington as president — undoubtedly the most momentous gathering of its kind the world has ever known. Here he displayed as great ability as a law-maker as he had as a warrior. For months the Fathers of the Republic

labored, and finally adopted our present National law, which forever guarantees Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. This was in 1787. Seventy years later Anheuser-Busch established their great institution on the tenets of the Federal law which Washington did so much to create. Like all of the great men of his time, he was a moderate user of good old barley brews. For three generations Anheuser-Busch have brewed honest malt and hop beers. To-day 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the ever increasing public demand. The great popularity of their famous brand BUDWEISER, due to quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, has made its sales exceed those of any other beer by millions of bottles.



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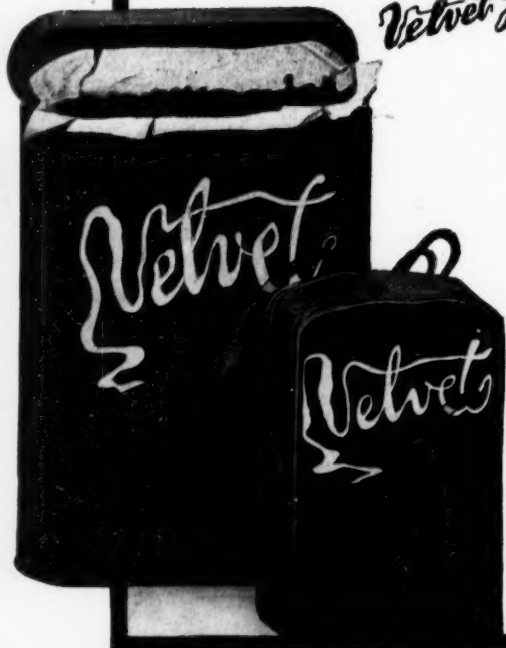
Budweiser
Means Moderation



**A Word to Those
Learned in the Law**

*Right an' wrong 's so close together,
That those "learn-ed in the law"
Know the line that runs betwixt 'em
Ain't an easy one to draw.
Ef the co'te please, men are human;
So it can't be very far
From the judge's bench, I reckon,
To the pris'ner at the bar.
Heed the counsel of yo' pipe, Judge,
Let the kindness it imparts
Temper Justice found in law books
With mercy found in hearts.*

Velvet Joe



PERHAPS you, too, turning the pages of some law book, have chanced upon the gray ashes that fell from some "studious" pipe.

Shall we say that the points of the law were seen less clearly for the smoke that arose from its well-seasoned bowl?

Shall we deny the inspiration of good tobacco its share of the credit in deciding some fine point of law?

And perchance, those ashes once were full of the friendliness that Nature puts into VELVET.

And who knows but what one of those slow-burning, fragrant pipes of VELVET gave Justice an opportunity to lift her bandage, and to brush aside a tear of human sympathy?

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, Kentucky's *Burley-de-Luxe*, with an aged-in-the-wood mellowness, comes in—

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